The Queen of the Little Versailles

“To reign is to desire, to desire is to live.”

The Queen awoke as the curtains of dawn were drawn open by unseen hands, her body washed in a pale gold that no tapestry could rival. Her palace was small, yet it breathed like a lover—walls carrying the sigh of wood, beams whispering of

strength, rooms perfumed by the quiet heat of desire.

She walked naked through her halls, skin brushing against the cool air, and the air itself seemed to bend in homage. This was not shame but sovereignty: to be uncovered, to reign in unveiled splendor. Each step across the floor was a coronation, each movement a decree, and her subjects—the cats—watched with eyes like

lanterns, dignified witnesses of her reign.

In this Versailles, the pleasures were not borrowed from another's hand. They were her own inventions, rituals performed with deliberate slowness. To paint a nail was to gild a column. To sip coffee was to sip the sun itself, condensed into a dark, fragrant draught. The palace required no chandeliers, for her body carried the light,

and when she touched herself —her throat, her arm, the curve of her hip—it was not indulgence but ceremony, a slow blessing upon her own sovereignty.

The Queen knew: eroticism here was not frenzy, not conquest, but warmth. It was the hearth that held winter at bay, the glow that filled the House of Mirrors with fire. Pleasure was both her sceptre and her salvation,

proof that desire is not sin
but sunlight made flesh.

Outside, nations quarreled,
walls hardened, parliaments
shrieked their cacophony.
Inside, she feasted in silence.
Her banquet was sensual
thought: a verse by Weil
placed like fruit upon the
tongue, a line of Kierkegaard
melting like honey on the lips,
a shard of Nietzsche
glittering sharp, then
swallowed. The archive was

her eternal pantry, each essay preserved like wine sealed in crystal, each card of meaning stacked like plates awaiting new courses of delight.

Thus she ruled—not by iron or decree, but by the warmth of being. A fem sun, both tender and fierce, whose court was solitude and whose dominion was her own living body.

And in the evenings, when

the light fell soft as velvet, the Queen sat among her cats, who circled her throne like patient guardians. She whispered to them the secret law of her palace: To live is to feast, to love is to reign, to desire is to endure.

So the little Versailles glowed, an erotic star-house in a cold and fractured world, its Queen both sinner and saint, sovereign of tenderness, radiant in her

pleasures.